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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This entire page was accidentally "pied" as we were going to press and there was not time to reset the news matter it contained, hence the absence of much of our home news.

HOW TO WIN POPULARITY

Surest Method Is to Be Interested in The People One Meets.

One of the surest methods of winning popularity is to be interested in the people one meets. Not a lip interest merely, but a deep, actual interest that takes one out of one's self and one's narrow circle and for the moment places one in the midst of another's sorrow or joy and lets one see life from her standpoint.

A girl who can listen sympathetically and with the real interest to the details of another girl's wardrobe and the list of her admirers has the germ of universal popularity already developed.

It may seem a trivial and tiresome matter and she may feel conscious all the time that she has far more interesting things to tell, but, whether or not she realizes it, she is laying the foundation stone of friendship. Hearts, after all, are very much alike, and each one has the craving for sympathy securely planted in its depth.

But nothing irritates one more and turns one from another's personality so quickly as the simulated and insincere interest which, eventually, is always detected. The girl who says with deep emotion and with the soft pedal stop of apparent sympathy turned on, "My dear, how dreadful!" to the confidences of a sickening heart, and then hastens to break in with some frivolous fact about herself or her social engagements, is not apt to win much affection, and certainly not any lasting love.

Little Willie Again.

"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

Pa gave a bad imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pa!" came the little voice again.

"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.

"Turn in here; I want to ask you something," said the little voice.

So Pa rose up from his downy and, putting on his bathrobe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"Say, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap would she give shaving-cream?"—Harper's Weekly.

Mental Fog.

"My brightest pupils," says a young tutor, "have occasional weeks of blankness which resist my most subtle methods, and I have come to the conclusion that they are suffering at such times from a form of mental indigestion. They have been taught enough and need rest before their minds will receive and stow away any more facts. A couple of days' work, wonders, and even one day is sometimes enough. But it is hard to make the mothers understand the importance of these holidays, and some of them begrudge the loss of even a few lessons."

THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB



Easter

BY L. N. RANDOLPH

When Easter, dawning first to light our earth,
Reveals in life a new and wondrous worth,
When wondering voices cried: Our Lord is risen,
Immortal love now free from Death's drear prison,
All nature on that radiant Easter morn
Sang as of old when morning stars were born,
And angel visions through the brightening year
Proclaimed: The Lord is risen; He is not here.
Sacred, because the place where Christ had slept,
The tomb where Faith had watched and longed and wept
Blest then all earthly paths His feet had trod,
Glorious for aye the highways of our God,
And every Easter morn since that glad hour
Nature repeats how broken was Death's power,
And tells how glorious dawn o'ercame the night,
And shows the only Way to heavenly light,
Throughout the world, all in the "wakening" year,
Recalling scenes we know Christ loved when here,
Makes such familiar scenes with meaning fraught
They breathe again the truths the Saviour taught.
For when the world's anew with verdure fair,
And wafted fragrance lingers in the air,
Who has not thought Christ knew the freshening field
To him its lilies fair their incense yield,
And since he marked them in their splendor clad,
Their royal beauty has made centuries glad,
When wayside trees spread shelter fair and green,
We say He passed through many a woodland scene,
Of were His sacred words impressive made
Resting—far-wanderers—heath some grateful shade.
When fields of waving wheat, in whispers low,
Foretell the harvest—later golden glow,
Seed-time and harvest both, the voices say,
Yielded their wisdom in the Master's day.
From rugged mountain and the black hill-side,
Where straying lambs have wandered far and wide,
The Shepherd's sheltering arms have borne them—found,
Those barren heights—are they not holy ground?
Life-giving sunshine and all-quickening rain,
Forever making heaven's bounty plain,
In blessed truths Christ gently spake of you.
We learned our Father's love, unvarying, true,
And when the winds come sweeping from the sea,
Their rushing filled with Life's great mystery,
Hearing the sound thereof—oh! passing strange,
It tells from Death to Life the wondrous change.
Through wave and tempest—oh! how dear the voice,
Storm-swept—despairing? Still have faith, rejoice,
Once more He bids the angry warring cease,
In accents mild now whispering calm and peace.
Bright standards of the spring again unfurled,
And Easter girls with glorious light the world,
The radiance falls on paths that Christ once trod,
And lifts our hearts "from Nature up to God."

Season of Joy

Helen Bruce Wallace



HERE is an instinctive sense of disappointment when it rains on Easter. We feel that the sun should shine and all nature be at her best and brightest on this day that is typical both of spiritual and physical reawakening.

As far as we can we voice this joyousness in the flowers that are seen everywhere. There is a coldness in the church service that is not brightened by at least a lily or two today; it seems to poorly express the spirit of the Easteride.

It is good for us to have one day in the year that is all joy. It is no time for yielding to gloom or depression. Life has so much of shadow that the road would be darkened did we never come out into the full sunshine. We want life and light and color around us; therefore we put the blossoms of spring in our windows and wear them as we go to and fro.

Other festal days have their temporal distractions. Easter makes its strongest appeal to the soul side of us. Coming as it does on the first day of the week, when the busy world is resting, there is time to think of the higher side of life, to ponder on the deeper meaning of things that be.

What means this joyousness of the season that is felt by all, if unexpressed? Is it not reviving hope; a hope

to brighten the dreariest, most despondent man or woman?

Did not man believe in a hereafter, a future when wrongs will be righted and sorrows turn to joy, the world would have stopped trying long ago. Even with all our faith that deadening question, "What's the use?" lurks in wait for us at every obstacle in the road. Did we not believe in what lies on the other side, though unseen, we would turn back like Pilate from our miry Slough of Despond.

Take away temporal hope from a man, from a nation—what follows? For the man discouragement, inertia, despair, then uselessness; for the nation disintegration. How much farther reaching in its effects for ill is a hopelessness that this rough earthly path leads to eternal life.

Are we discouraged today? Have the worries of the money-troubled winter hit us hard? Have we trials that none but ourselves may know, the more bitter that they must be hidden? Are we bowed under a weight of illness, of morbid dread of the future, that will not lift?

Let the joyous message of the Easteride bring healing. Hope is being voiced on every side today, in the swelling notes of the organ, in the soaring voices of choir and chorister, in the inspiring message that is proclaimed from every Christian pulpit in the land. It but remains for us to reach not for that hope and make it our own, to loosen the sordid, depressing earth cords that have us tightly bound.

The joyousness of Easter, Alas, for the woman who cannot feel it; who is not lifted out of herself today.

What though the old gloom returns? Is it not something to have stood on the heights and sung aloud with the joy of living; to have seen the sun piercing the clouds, to have caught a glimpse of the radiance beyond? Never again will the blackness be so dense, for there is the hope of that joyous day when the sunlit heights will be ours, to inspire us to

keep on climbing.

Let us not be content to keep the season's joy in our hearts. Real joyousness must find an outlet, in cheery greeting, in forgetfulness of old grudges, in taking brightness into the lives of those who may be shut out from it. Wear your Easter flower, typical of hope, be heartened by the Easter message, but share both flower and message with those whose need of cheer may be greater far than yours.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SOUND

Blowing Out Candle With Tuning Fork and Resonator—Sand Figures on Metal Plates.

Reporting a physics lecture by Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, the London Chronicle says: "The youngsters who attended were shown how a candle could be blown out by sound. In the first place, you want a very powerful tuning fork and a resonator (a hollow sphere of brass), which is exactly in harmony with it. When the tuning fork is struck it sets up waves of sound. The resonator, hearing the note, immediately responds with sympathetic waves, which are strong enough to blow out a candle placed behind it. Other experiments were the forming of what are known as Chladni sand figures on plates of metal by the influence of sound. The most beautiful results, as Professor Thompson explained, are obtained with flat plates of brass of uniform thickness and of a low note. When a bow is drawn along the edge so as to set up vibrations in one part, there is discord with the vibrations of the other parts, and the sound immediately assumes geometrical figures. The greater the discord the better the patterns. Hundreds of patterns can be produced in this way on one plate. Many demonstrations were made to show how, when things are tuned to the same note, they vibrated in sympathy. A big tuning fork was struck and then stopped—but another tuning fork, which was of exactly the same pitch, went on humming, though it had not been touched."

VALUE OF A STRONG MEMORY

Some Who Possess It Are Not Otherwise Above the Ordinary—Children Learn Readily.

While a strong memory is a great convenience, it is not necessarily an advantage.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose memory for words was so retentive that he never forgot one after hearing it once, and which enabled him to acquire more than a hundred languages, was in most respects a very ordinary person. Pliny relates that Mithridates, king of Pontus, had so excellent a memory that he was able to speak fluently 22 languages native to the provinces of his vast empire. Yet he was a cruel barbarian.

A well-known peripatetic elocutionist and reciter still living declares that he can repeat, without further preparation, about 3,000 selections in prose and poetry. He probably tells the truth, since he has been training his mind in this particular direction for many years.

On the other hand, such men as Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay, and Glad-

The Easter Egg

I am the tinted Easter egg,
at whose despatched
stroke of knife or spoon, regarding
me as quite a boon. And as I feel
your lusty stroke I chuckle gayly at the joke,
for you I know are in the mesh of placards
worded "Strictly Fresh." You trust the crafty
grocer man who sells his eggs just as he can and
never is the least afraid to claim that they are
"Newly Laid." The grocer man, he puts his trust
in men who are not wholly just, for they sell eggs the
whole year round and often in deceit are found, because
they keep the eggs on ice until there is a raise in price.
However, I would advise that you should turn your happy
eyes upon the tintings of my shell—the hues are laid on so
well; the dreamy pinks and reds and blues with which the dye
my form embues; or possibly I may present designs that for true
art are meant—a landscape or an ocean scene wherein
there are faint hints of green, or maybe, lined with dainty
grace there is a most bewitching face that smiles into your joyous
eyes which shows the sparkle of surprise. Do as you please,
but it is best to act, perhaps, as I suggest. Put down your knife with
which you aim to crush my most artistic frame, and simply feast your
inner man upon the pictures that you scan. For all you see and all
you know; for all my cunning pictures show I may be of the overflow
of Easterime a year ago. Old masters may have painted me in some
forgotten century and left me in some cherished hoard—some ware-
house where fresh eggs are stored—and it might fill you with regret
if you should heed me not and let your appetite for works of art
gain headway o'er your mind and heart. O, listen, listen, let
me beg—I am a simple Easter egg, bedaubed with paint and
drowned in dyes, but let me beg of you: Be wise! How often
do we weep to see things not what they're cracked up to be!
Remember, I have made no claims—I leave the dealers all
such games; I may be but a cheat and sham, but I
am only what I am. Think over what I say—think
twice; all men may profit by advice. If you
should crack me to your woe, remember
that I told you so. Now all my little
speech is done. Strike! Strike,
but first prepare to
run!

stone were not only possessors of excellent memories, they were also men of good judgment.

Among human beings children have the most remarkable memories. Under favorable circumstances they will learn three and even four languages, so as to be able to express their thoughts with equal ease in any one of them by the time they are six or seven years of age.

And they accomplish this remarkable feat without any aid from the mnemonic devices to which adults are compelled to resort when they undertake a similar task. They learn words and phrases unconsciously, and rarely forget them as long as they live. On the other hand, grown-ups rarely acquire accurate pronunciation of a foreign language, although they may be able to use it with entire correctness.

It is a common belief that the memory is more tenacious in early life than in later years. That seems to depend almost entirely on the individual.

This Commercial Age.
"Are you acquainted with him at all?"
"Only in a business way. I married his daughter."—Spokesman-Review.

GIVING BELLS THEIR TONE

All of Them Must Go Through a Process of Tuning, Like Any Musical Instrument.

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones. All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony.

The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell-tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano-tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords.

At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin afresh, starting with the first one and shaving the bell until it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.

